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"This picture is more than a thousand years old. Oh, if you were here, you would go up with me to see it. It is a wonderful sight! For, besides being in a place that is often dark, it is, of itself, a picture of great darkness. You can hardly distinguish the real darkness from the darkness painted upon that wonderful picture. When the shadow that comes into the place disappears, then you see the darkness upon the picture better.

"As you enter, there is a lamp which you can carry up with you, and if you can get it to burn brightly in that atmosphere, you may get a glorious sight. For a long time I could see nothing but a "horror of great darkness" painted thereon, and I wondered why it was put there. I never went very near to it, though I have often stood and wondered at it. Since I have come to live here, I have gone nearer and nearer, and it has grown more and more wonderful.

"Sometimes when the light flashes suddenly on it, I can see a pale, beautiful face looking out from the blackness. Going a little further, the cloud of blackness seems to move, and to be composed of bat-like wings, and a faint murmur seems to come from it.

"I said it was a picture. But now I know not what it is. I know it is up there, in the gallery, in the east end of the long hall, as I said; but I cannot tell you what it is, for it is so dark up there. The nearer you go, it appears the less like a picture. It gets blacker, too, and sometimes you can see a pale face, like the face of a dead person in the midst of the darkness. And sometimes you can see like it was moving itself. And you feel that it is no use to try to see it aright.

"It is at the east end of that long hall above, and yet it is not hanging on the wall either. I don't know how it is fixed. It has no form to it, and it does not touch anything.

"It is said that the one who went to the east end and put up the picture there, never came back, and no one has ever gone there since. It is a wonderful mystery, and if I should write all day I could not explain it.

"It is a fearful thing to live alone in this separated place. But I am glad the picture is here, and will try and find out what it is. This is what I am doing. It is an effort none will admire or applaud; but I cannot, dare not, forsake it.

"Oh, there are stories of fearful interest about this picture. I forgot, too, to tell you that the little friend, who is with me here, was away into the darkness, and towards the east end of the hall or gallery, for I know not what to call it. It grows wide and high as you advance, and you cannot see its walls, for you can see nothing but the picture. Everything on each side, as well as in front, is but a part of the picture in the east end. The little child, I was going to tell you, often runs away to that dark picture, and when she comes back, her white garments are all sprinkled with blood, and her hands are steeped in blood, as if some one had been pressing them with bleeding hands; and her ringlets, too, are dabbled in blood. She talks so strangely about it that I cannot well understand her.

"It cannot be a picture—I might have known that from the blood; but I do not know what to call it: only I know it is very wonderful."

Does the reader catch the spirit of this strange revelation, and arrive at its close, breathless, frightened, sickened? The whole is given with consummate Art; yet, we doubt if the student of psychology does not detect in the narration, the fitful inspiration of a mind bordering upon the region of distempered reason.

Shall we go further with our reproduc-

tions? We fain would narrate something wilder than has been written above, for the mood is upon us, moving us to say now what may not be spoken in the future. But enough has been told to lift the veil from a world that is around—to betray how far beyond all portraiture of the artist, is much that the poet can reveal. So is Poetry exalted above Art.



## HONOR TO GENIUS.



N the first number of this Journal, we referred to the fact, that the remains of Edgar A. Poe rested in their burying-place, neglected by friends, and unmarked even by the plainest slab. The impropriety of such neglect of the man who had done so much for American Literature, impressed us as very great, and we could but suggest to all admirers of the genius of the poet the removal of the remains to Laurel Hill Cemetery, and the erection of a proper monument to his memory. The suggestion met with a quick response. A correspondent to the *N. Y. Times*, a lady we believe, signified her willingness to contribute liberally, and stated that a large sum could easily be raised. The *Times* endorsed the movement, and called for the formation of an Association, for the purpose of giving the matter due form and force. Mr. Willis, in one of his "Idlewild Letters," approved the scheme, and suggested General George P. Morris as Treasurer, at the same time paying a neat tribute to the memory of the dead poet.

This all promised well. But a writer in the "*North American Review*," devoting an article to Mr. Poe, rejuvenated the grossest history of the man, and in a most cold, unfeeling manner, denied the propriety of any monument to his memory. This expression is not strange, coming from a review for which Mr. Poe, when living, entertained a great contempt, which he betrayed upon many occasions; but, after a man is dead and gone to his last account, it does not seem to us either Christ-like or decent to treasure up a hate, which would even deny the dead poet a grave-stone, to mark his resting-place. For our part—and we feel that the sympathy of tens of thousands is with us—we prefer to let the

"Dead Past bury its dead."

and, covering the mortal, to pay the respect due to the transcendent genius, which shot across the heavens of our literature like a comet, leaving a luminous train to mark its passage. The man and his many deeds of the body are past away—let them sleep! but his genius is immortal; and, as befits its high estate, a noble monument should arise, reared by those who hold that immortal poet in decent reverence.

Many letters come to us proffering aid, and urging immediate action in the matter, by the Cosmopolitan Association, which first broached the subject. One correspondent says—(we quote his words to show something of the sympathy which exists in all sections for the poet-writer): "Waving all opinion, and with a sense of gratitude, we would become an active worker in the matter, by soliciting subscriptions for a suitable monument to cover the mortal remains of the poet and critic, whose genius so richly endowed our Literature. Let no mockery of the cold, heartless pietest deter us from prosecuting this matter: what though we cannot worship him while living—shall we cover *him* with contumely when dead?"

In answer to this widely expressed sympathy, and to give the movement proper form, we will cheerfully enter into the work, and become the agents of the public in the erection of a monument to Poe. All we desire is, that the public, and the subscribers of the Cosmopolitan, would make their wishes known, that, by their advice and suggestions, we may be able to decide upon the steps necessary to take in the consummation of the design. Those who take an interest in the matter, may write to our Actuary, C. L. Derby, Esq., directing to 348 Broadway, N. Y. In the next number of the Journal, we shall make known the steps decided upon, and open a way for subscriptions to the monument. May the Grace which presides over the American Muse, bless the effort to fittingly mark the last resting-place of one of her noblest worshippers!



THE collection of rare objects, drawings, photographs, &c., collected by the Prince Napoleon, in his late excursion in the northern seas, are to be collected in the hall of the Palais Royale, where they will be exhibited to the Prince's friends, and such other persons as shall address a special request in writing to the prince, for that purpose.